

RAMATIC LIBRARY

July 14, 1898

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Subscription Price, \$7.50

PS 3089

.T33 F3

Copy 1



KEYSTONE EDITION

of
Popular Plays *

A
FAMILY
AFFAIR

THE Penn Publishing Company *
Philadelphia

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

SHOEMAKER'S Best Selections

FOR
READINGS AND RECITATIONS

Numbers 1 to 25 Now Issued

Paper Binding, each number,	-	-	30 cents
Cloth " " " - - -			50 "

This series was formerly called "The Elocutionist's Annual," the first 17 numbers being published under that title. The change in name is made because it is believed a more appropriate title is thus secured.

Teachers, Readers, Students, and all persons who have occasion to use books of this kind, concede this to be the best series of speakers published. The different numbers are compiled by leading elocutionists of the country, who have exceptional facilities for securing selections, and whose judgment as to their merits is invaluable. No trouble or expense is spared to obtain the very best readings and recitations, and much material is used by special arrangement with other publishers, thus securing the best selections from such American authors as Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Mrs. Stowe, and many others. The foremost English authors are also represented, as well as the leading French and German writers.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, or mailed upon receipt of price.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

923 Arch Street

Philadelphia

A FAMILY AFFAIR

A Comedy in Three Acts

(Adapted from "Preté Moi ta Femme")

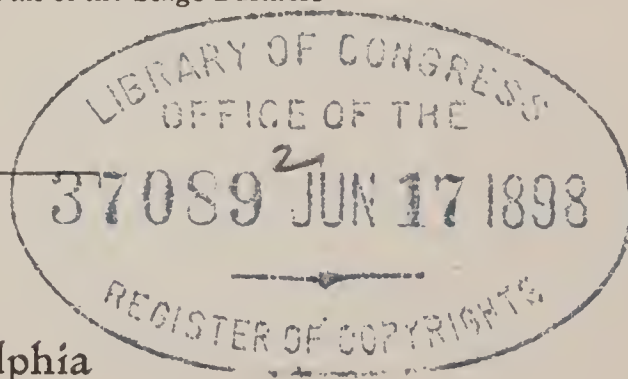
By

Charles Townsend

Author of "A White Mountain Boy," "A Loyal Friend," "Four A. M.," Etc.

AUTHOR'S EDITION

With Cast of Characters, Time of Representation, Synopsis of Incidents,
Description of Costumes, Scene and Property Plots, Entrances
and Exits, Suggestions, and all of the Stage Business



Philadelphia

The Penn Publishing Company

1898

PS3039
.T33F3

COPYRIGHT 1898 BY THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF PATENTS



TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

A Family Affair

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAN GILLESPIE, *a good fellow, whose imagination runs away with him.*

JORKINS JOBSON, *his gardener; a high authority on potato-bugs.*

DEACON SMITH, *who finds it difficult to be good under adverse circumstances.*

SALLY, *Dan's good-hearted little cook, who, unlike most women, can really keep a secret.*

MISS CAMSON, *his housekeeper, in the matrimonial market, and means business.*

LOUISIANA, *a dark brunette, on the warpath.*

TIME IN PLAYING, TWO HOURS

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The author and proprietor of "A Family Affair" reserves to himself all rights of performing the said play in all parts of the United States. Amateur dramatic clubs are at liberty to produce the play without further notice; but professionals, actors, and managers can do so only by paying the author's royalty. Any unlawful production of the play will be prosecuted under the new copyright Act to the full extent of the law.

Managers desiring this play may secure it at reasonable rates by addressing the author, in care of the publishers.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—PLACE: Dan's country home, near New York. TIME: A midsummer morning. Dan arrives. The bicycle race. Hail Columbia! The telegram. Dan in trouble. Wives, wives, wives!

ACT II.—PLACE: The same. TIME: Midday. Babies in demand. The "married bachelor." An oversupply of "kids." Dan's dilemma. "A brand-new coon in town."

ACT III.—PLACE: The same. TIME: Evening. The deacon wants to know. The photograph. An African cyclone. Jobson "biles over." Dan is exposed. Sally's loyalty. "I'd a-died afore I'd told." Sally owns up. A bachelor, after all.

COSTUMES

(See also Remarks on the Play.)

DAN.—Act I.—Bicycle suit. Act II.—Ordinary summer dress. Act III.—Smoking jacket.

JOBSON.—Act I.—Overalls and blouse. Change to woman's dress. Acts II and III.—Ordinary dress. Fancy shirt and tie.

DEACON.—Plain black throughout. Frock coat.

SALLY.—Act I.—First dress: Calico gown, gingham apron, white collar, face sooty. Second dress: Gaudy, old-style dress with train. Profusion of ornaments—rings,

pins, bracelets, flowers, large fan, etc. All very outré.
Act II.—Pretty house dress. Act III.—Demi-toilette, neat and pretty.

MISS CAMSON.—Act I.—Rather gay morning wrapper.
Act II.—House dress. Hat for last entrance. Act III.—Rather bizarre home dress. Fan.

LOUISIANA.—Typical negress. Street dress. Loud colors.

A BOY.—Age 4. Knickerbockers.

Two property white babies in long dresses.

One property negro baby in long skirts.

PROPERTIES

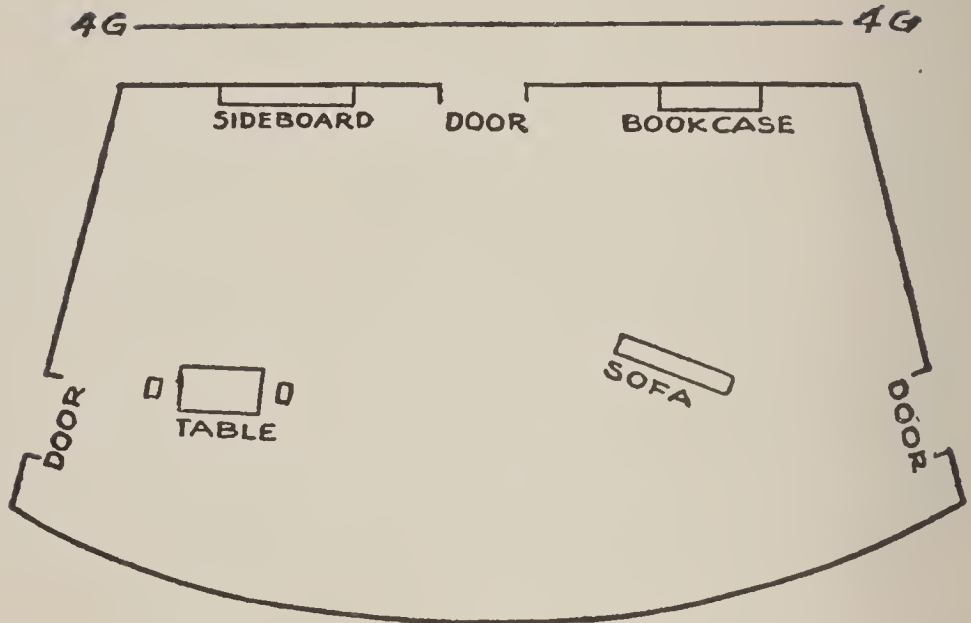
ACT I.—Crash. Telegram in envelope. Bicycle.

ACT II.—Cigars and matches. Bottle of "wine" and four glasses. Memorandum book. Two white property babies, one black.

ACT III.—Photograph. Large property razor. Fan. Handsome lamp to light.

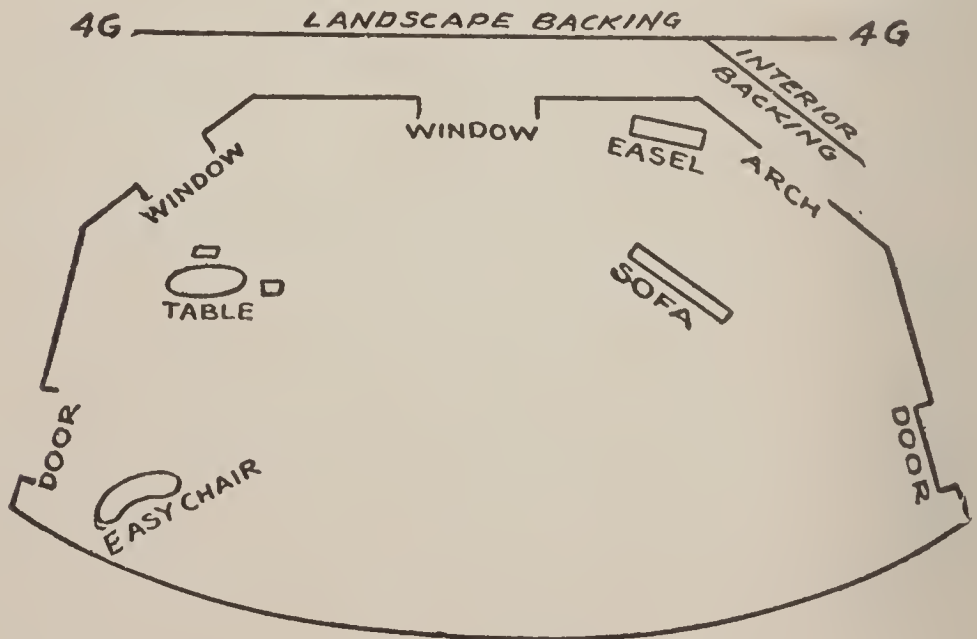
STAGE SETTINGS

ACTS I AND II



Nicely-furnished room in third grooves, with interior backing in fourth grooves. Carpet down. Lights on. Set as per diagram.

ACT III



Handsomely-furnished room in fourth grooves. Landscape backing in fifth grooves from L. U. E. Moonlight effects. Interior backing at L. U. E. Lighted lamp on table. Carpet and rugs. Set as per diagram.

REMARKS ON THE PLAY

A FAMILY AFFAIR is a radical departure from the usual conventional play. Although the main idea of the play is based upon M. Georges Feydeau's farce of "Preté Moi ta Femme," yet in the plot, action, characters, and dialogue it differs radically from that play. Indeed, apart from the central idea—that of borrowing a wife—the play is wholly original.

The rôle of DAN GILLESPIE, while by no means so comical as that of JOBSON, is particularly suited to a dashing light comedian. In essaying a rôle of this sort especial care must be taken to avoid "playing to the audience." The least self-consciousness destroys the illusion, and naturalness—the charm of the part—is lost. DAN must play to the people on the stage—never to the people in the audience. Even his side speeches must be given as if utterly unconscious of listeners. DAN's age is about 25, make-up slightly tanned, manner easy and natural.

JOBSON is a star "low-comedy" part, and one which, in the hands of even a fairly respectable actor, is sure to make a hit. JOBSON is slow, droll, awkward in speech and action, with very few gestures. He is dull of comprehension, "thick-headed," in fact, but is blissfully ignorant of it. His loyalty to DAN is a feature that must be kept prominently in view, for that is really what holds the story together. JOBSON's age is about 25, make-up very red-faced and beardless.

DEACON SMITH is a bluff, quick-spoken man of 55. The character is on the lines of eccentric comedy, but this eccentricity must not be overdrawn. In making up employ but little color, and don't line too heavily. Powder the hair or use an iron-gray dress wig and short gray side whiskers.

SALLY is a girl of 18. She is quick-witted, good-hearted, and wholly unmercenary. Her agreement to pass as "Mrs. Gillespie" is not made through selfishness, but from a desire to aid her employer in his dilemma. In playing this part one should avoid the common error of forgetting to portray her lack of culture after the first act. Indeed, SALLY's ill-breeding should be accentuated when she is the pro tem. "lady of the house." This can best be done by her obvious attempts at "gentility," which will make her errors all the more glaring. Remember, however, that she is neither loud nor uncouth. She is awkward in gestures, ungrammatical in speech, but withal so merry and lovable

that she will capture and hold the audience from first to last.

MISS CAMSON is a type of the bric-a-brac old maid—simpering, gushing, or caustic, as her mood may be. The rôle gives ample scope for good acting; and it should be borne in mind that bad acting will utterly spoil the part. As a rule, these strong character parts are overacted, which renders them simply grotesque.

LOUISIANA, a negress of uncertain age, differs in no respect from the usual stage "darkey." The part should be dressed in loud, gaudy colors and acted with much spirit. In professional companies the rôle is usually played by a man.

This play will allow no drag in the lines. Cues must be taken up sharply, and, although the business may be elaborated considerably, the lines must be spoken with marked snap and vim.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

ACT I

SCENE.—*Room in 3d grooves, with interior backing in 4th grooves. For description see scene plot. Lights up. Time, morning. Music.*

(*Enter MISS CAMSON C. D., followed by JOBSON.*)

MISS CAMSON. Jobson, where have you been all this morning?

JOBSON. (R. C.) I've been out, Miss Camson.

MISS CAMSON. (L. C.) Out where?

JOBSON. Diggin' pertaters.

MISS CAMSON. Where's Sally?

JOBSON. She's out.

MISS CAMSON. And Mr. Gillespie?

JOBSON. He's out—bikin' on his bike.

MISS CAMSON. Out, out, out! And the coal and wood are out! and the flour, butter and sugar are out!

JOBSON. Yes, mum.

MISS CAMSON. And we'll all be out—in the streets—unless Dan Gillespie gets some money.

JOBSON. Mr. Dan does the best he can, mum. He's kept this house agoin' ever since his old aunt died two year ago, ruther 'n shut it up an' turn us out. Tain't many young fellows as would a-done that, I'm thinkin'.

MISS CAMSON. Yes, and because he's a good-natured, good-looking, good-hearted young rascal we've stayed right along, with scarcely a cent of pay all these two years.

JOBSON. An' what has he had?

MISS CAMSON. I'm sure his aunt left him all her property, and that was a fortune, I'm told.

JOBSON. But he ain't got it yet. There's some blamed rigmarole hooked onto the will so that aside from this here house an' what little cash that old gowallopus of a Deacon Smith shells out, he ain't got nuthin'.

MISS CAMSON. And I suppose it will end with me turned out into a cold, pitiless world. (*Cries, head on JOBSON'S shoulder.*)

JOBSON. (*looks disgusted*) There, there—don't cry.

MISS CAMSON. Oh! my dear, dear Mr. Jobson, if I only

had some strong, brave heart to protect me. (*Embraces him.*)

JOBSON. (*utterly disgusted*) Don't be alarmed, Miss Camson, your face will protect you anywhere.

MISS CAMSON. (*indignantly*) Jorkins Jobson! You—you're a brute!

(*Exits, wrathfully, R. I E.*)

JOBSON. (*looks after her.*) Thank you, mum. Another time I might have been scared of the old lady's tenderness—but now, thank goodness, I'm safe. Not only safe but happy, for Sally, dear Sally, sweet Sally an' me has just been gettin' married. Happy? Why I could do a skirt dance for joy—that is (*rubs chin*) if I was a skirt dancer I could. I can sing anyhow (*sing.*) But I mustn't let Mr. Dan know, for I'd lose my job on the jump if he did. He don't like spoony couples. (*Noise of falling wood and coal off C.*) Hello! (*looks*) Sally's havin' fun with herself out there.

(*Enter SALLY C. D., dress soiled, face sooty.*)

SALLY. Drat the fire, anyhow. The coal's wet and the wood won't burn.

JOBSON. (*opens arms*) Sally!

SALLY. 'Sh! (*Both look around cautiously, then embrace.*)

JOBSON. My own sweet pertater. (*Swings hands.*)

SALLY. An' you're another.

JOBSON. We're married tight. (*Hands together.*)

SALLY. Tighter! (*Hands out.*)

JOBSON. Tightest! (*Hugs her.*)

SALLY. (*quickly*) Oh! (*They separate.*)

JOBSON. What is it?

SALLY. I thought I heard something.

JOBSON. Guess you didn't. Got to watch out just the same; 'cause if Mr. Dan knowed we was yoked up we'd both go a flyin' quicker'n scat.

SALLY. He's too kind-hearted for that.

JOBSON. He's the best fellow in the world, Sally, but he's sot in his ways. An' he told me distinctively that if ever I got married, an' begun raisin' a family, I'd be of no more use to him.

SALLY. I'm sure I don't want to leave here.

JOBSON. Leave here? Where I've been as happy as a squash bug on a vine? Why, Sally, every time I dig a pertater in the garden, I think of your starry eyes.

SALLY. And every time I cut a cabbage in the kitchen, I think of you.

JOBSON. Sally!

SALLY. Oh, but I like cabbages!

(DAN *sings, off* C. D.)

JOBSON. (*looks off*) There comes Mr. Dan.

SALLY. And a singin' just as jolly as if he had a pocket full of money, and didn't owe a cent. (*Music.*)

(*Enter* DAN, C. D., *in bicycle suit.*)

DAN. Hello, Jobson—hard at work?

JOBSON. Yes, sir. Been racing, sir?

DAN. Had a brush with Matthews coming in.

JOBSON. Did you beat him, sir?

SALLY. 'Course he did, Mr. Dan always does.

DAN. It was a close call this time. First one, then the other, over the ruts and rocks, bumpity bang! till we reached the long hill. In coasting that, Matthews got mixed up with an old woman, a flock of sheep, some geese, and a cow. So I came on alone. Anything in the house to eat, Sally?

SALLY. I dunno, sir. There's some eggs, but I wouldn't swear to their age—'cause I'm doubtful.

DAN. Doubt sustained. Anything else?

SALLY. Yes, sir. I know what I'll do. I'll take some of the cold veal left from yesterday an' make chicken croquettes out of it.

DAN. Sally, you're an angel. If I could see a clean spot on your face I'd give you a kiss. (SALLY *rubs face with apron.* JOBSON *shakes fist at her.* DAN *turns and sees him,* JOBSON *turns away whistling.*)

SALLY. La, sir, you mustn't think of it. (*Exits* L. I E.)

DAN. Jobson!

JOBSON. (*sheepishly*) Yes, sir.

DAN. What's the row between you and Sally?

JOBSON. 'Tween us? Why, nothin' at all, sir.

DAN. Then why were you making faces at her?

JOBSON. I was only hurryin' her off to the kitchen.

DAN. All right, Jobson. Any mail this morning?

JOBSON. No, sir; but this here telegram (*produces it*) come an hour ago, when I was workin' in the garden.

DAN. (*reads it*) Well—that settles it.

JOBSON. No bad news, I hope.

DAN. Bad news? It's an avalanche—a cyclone—a general smashup of the whole solar system!

JOBSON. Anybody hurt?

DAN. Look here, Jobson—when does the next train arrive from New York?

JOBSON. At 11.45, sir.

DAN. Very well, sir. In the next two hours I must have a wife, or we'll all be in the ditch.

JOBSON. Good gracious, sir! How's that?

DAN. Jobson, you've got a head—a good head—though it does run to cabbages.

JOBSON (*aside*) Now he's callin' me a cabbage-head!

DAN. I'm going to trust you with a secret. I've been a married man for two years past.

JOBSON (*aside*) Why, he's worser'n me!

DAN. Yet my wife is a fata morgana.

JOBSON. Oh, your wife is a Dutchman, eh?

DAN. No; for I have no wife, and never had one.

JOBSON. Then how the dickens—

DAN. I'll tell you. That excellent old aunt of mine left me all her property with the proviso that I should marry and settle down here. In that event, Deacon Smith, who has charge of the property, was to pay me one hundred dollars a month. After two years of married bliss I was to receive the entire property in a lump. I needed money, of course, so after coming here two years ago, I wrote the Deacon that I was married, and he has been sending the money right along. Of course we couldn't all live on a sum like that.

JOBSON. Of course not, sir.

DAN. Certainly not. So now and then I hatched up a tale of woe which would bring an extra hundred or two from the old gentleman, and thus we've kept soul and body together.

JOBSON. What did you tell him?

DAN. The usual stuff—sickness—a growing family—and so on and so forth.

JOBSON. Why didn't you marry sure enough, sir?

DAN. Because I couldn't. I fell in love with a beautiful girl—met her at the beach last summer. She's at Vassar, and we'll be married when she's nineteen. Her old fool of a father won't let her marry before.

JOBSON. Won't that put everything plumb straight?

DAN. No, confound it. She won't be nineteen for three months yet. And there's this infernal telegram from the Deacon, saying that he's coming up to-day. I suppose he wants to see my interesting family before turning over the property.

JOBSON. Tell him your wife is at her mother's.

DAN. Hang it all, man! I told him my wife was an orphan—never had any father nor mother.

JOBSON. It's an awful muddle, sir—like tryin' to sort out a dozen kinds of pertaters in a bin.

DAN. Blast the potatoes! Find me a wife!

JOBSON. That easier said 'n done, sir. Wives as you want pro temporibus aint as thick as peas in a pod.

DAN. Can't you get out of the garden?

JOBSON. Yes, sir. Why don't you try Miss Camson? She'd marry you soon enough and quick enough.

DAN. Jobson—is your life insured?

JOBSON. No, sir—not yet.

DAN. Then you better attend to it. If you ever mention Camson to me again there'll be a funeral.

JOBSON. I didn't mean no harm, sir.

DAN. All right. Clear out now, I want to think.

JOBSON. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) Poor fellow. I'll find the old chromo an' drop her a hint, anyhow.

(*Exit L. I E.*)

DAN. (*seated, hands back of head*) As Shakespeare says, there is a tide in the man of affairs—no, there, is an affair in the tide of man—no, hang it—there is a man tied in affairs—or something like that. Anyhow, my affairs are bad enough. If the Deacon finds out that I'm not married, I'll be regularly done up.

(*Enter MISS CAMSON, C. D.*)

DAN. Come what will, I must have a wife.

MISS CAMSON. (*aside*) The dear young man!

DAN. But the question is, where shall I find one?

MISS CAMSON. (*bashfully*) Mr. Gillespie, I—I—(*laughs*).

DAN. (*glances over shoulder*) Good heavens!

MISS CAMSON. Jobson said you wish to see me.

DAN. Oh! he did?

MISS CAMSON. That you were in serious trouble, and that I (*giggles*) I was the only person who could help you out.

DAN. That's very kind of Jobson.

MISS CAMSON. If your happiness depends on me, dear Mr. Gillespie, you may be sure that I will—I will—(*with affected shyness*) I will—(*he looks at her*), I'll sink my maidenly reserve and meet you half way.

DAN. (*groans*) Oh!

MISS CAMSON. (*aside*) The dear boy; he's surely going to propose!

DAN. (*aside*) She's an awful pill, but then—Miss Camson—

MISS CAMSON. (*turns quickly*) Yes, Mr. Gillespie?

DAN. (*turns away, hands in pocket*) Whew!

MISS CAMSON. (*aside, joyfully*) Now it's comin'—I know it—I know it!

DAN. Miss Camson, have you ever—

MISS CAMSON. (*quickly*) Yes!

DAN. Ever thought of—

MISS CAMSON. (*same*) Oh, yes, indeed!

DAN. (*draws breath, scratches head*).

MISS CAMSON. (*aside*) Why doesn't he say it?

DAN. Have you ever thought of committing matrimony?

MISS CAMSON. (*archly*) I have—during the past ten minutes.

DAN. Yes—and will—er will it suit you to be Mrs. Gillespie?

MISS CAMSON. (*affected*) Oh! This is so sudden! (*He turns away.*) But (*catches his coat*), I'll say yes! Oh, Danny! (*Embraces him.*)

DAN. (*quickly*) For to-day only.

MISS CAMSON. (*springs back indignantly*) What!

DAN. Now don't get excited.

MISS CAMSON. Excited? How dare you insult me, sir? How dare you? I shall leave this house at once. (*Exit R. I E.*)

(*Enter JOBSON, L. I E.*)

DAN. Here, Jobson, you'll have to do it.

JOBSON. Do what, sir?

DAN. Put on a dress and become Mrs. Gillespie.

JOBSON. I can't do that, sir.

DAN. But you must!

JOBSON. Now, sir, frankly speaking, do I look like a woman?

DAN. Frankly speaking—you don't.

(*MISS CAMSON appears R. I E., unseen by others.*)

DAN. But something must be done. Unless I can introduce somebody to Deacon Smith as my wife I'm utterly ruined.

MISS CAMSON. (*aside*) Poor boy! I'll save him. (*Exit R. I E.*)

JOBSON. Now, Mr. Dan, I'll do anything but that.

DAN. Then you refuse?

JOBSON. I'm sorry, sir, but I—

DAN. Very well. Go and be hanged! And I'll go drown myself. (*Sits at table.*)

JOBSON. Well! (*Draws long breath.*) I'll do it! I'll do it to help him! (*Goes L.*) But I'll be the rummiest lookin' woman he ever set eyes on. (*Exit L. I E.*)

DAN. That ends it all. I've tried—nobody can say I haven't tried. The property will go to an asylum for stray cats, I suppose, and I may go to jail for getting money under false pretenses.

(*Enter SALLY, C. D. Face clean.*)

SALLY. Your breakfast is sizzling hot, sir.

DAN. (*aside*) And I'll be sizzling, too, directly.

SALLY. Them eggs was all right.

DAN. Happy eggs! I wish I were all right.

SALLY. What seems to be the matter, sir? Ain't you feeling well?

DAN. Oh, I'm well enough.

SALLY. It's an awful hot day, specially down in that kitchen.

DAN. It will be cold enough for me, though.

SALLY. Something is the matter now, and I know it.

DAN. Yes, Sally, there is. I'm sorry to say that you'll have to leave here.

SALLY. Me leave? Why, what have I done? I—I—I—don't want to leave here. (*Cries.*) You needn't to p—p—pay me any wages, sir, if you'll only let me stay.

DAN. (*aside*) Poor little thing. (*Aloud*) I can't help it, Sally. I shall have to get out myself.

SALLY. (*surprised*) Why, ain't this your own house, sir?

DAN. I thought it was, but I'm afraid I'll have no house nor money either after to-day.

SALLY. Indeed you will, sir. I've got eleven whole dollars saved up that you can have.

DAN. Sally, if things were all right with me I'd make that eleven dollars eleven hundred before the day was over. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a good husband.

SALLY. (*aside*) He don't know I've got that already. (*Aloud*) And I wish you the same, with a good wife, sir.

DAN. I need it—especially the wife, or some one who will pretend to be.

SALLY. How's that, sir?

DAN. I can't explain now, unless—(*looks at her*)—by Jove, why didn't I think of her before? Sally, will you help me out of a scrape?

SALLY. With pleasure, sir—if I can.

DAN. You can.

SALLY. Tell me how,

DAN. By passing as my wife for three or four hours.

SALLY. Oh! (*Crosses.*) I couldn't do that.

DAN. Why not? You're unmarried, you're bright as a new dollar, pretty as a picture. and besides, it's wholly a matter of form.

SALLY. But, sir—I—

DAN. Moreover, it will save me from utter ruin, and will put a thousand dollars in your pocket.

SALLY. One—thousand—whole—dollars?

DAN. One thousand whole dollars.

SALLY. (*aside*) Why, Jorkins and I'll be rich! I'll do it, sir.

DAN. You will? (*quickly*)

SALLY. (*nods head*) I will.

DAN. Saved at last! (*Goes up.*)

SALLY. (*aside*) I'll be the lady of the house, and oh! won't I make Jorkins toe the mark! Well, I guess!

DAN. Now, Sally, we may as well get the run of things. We've been married two years.

SALLY. Two years—ah, ha!

DAN. Of course our honeymoon love is over by this time, so once in a while we'll have a row.

SALLY. Me row, sir?

DAN. Of course.

SALLY. And with you?

DAN. To be sure.

SALLY. Oh, I dass'n't, sir.

DAN. It's all make-believe, you know.

SALLY. All right. What next, sir?

DAN. You mustn't say "sir" to me; that would give everything dead away. Call me "Dan."

SALLY. All right, Dan. (*Suddenly*) Ow! What would Jorkins say?

DAN. Jorkins be hanged! It's none of his business.

SALLY. Course not, sir! (*Aside*) Oh, Gemini!—but, you see, sir—

DAN. "Sir"? Blast it all!

SALLY. Well, then (*swallowing*), I s'pose, Dan, I ought to rig up in my best bib and tucker, hadn't I, sir—Dan?

DAN. To be sure. Put on your best bib and tucker, by all means.

SALLY. (*goes L.*) All right, sir.

DAN. (*shouts*) What!

SALLY. (*startled, then cutely*) Dan!

DAN. That's better, No more "sir," remember. My aunt left a lot of ribbons and laces, and jewelry and stuff in her room. You can wear whatever you please.

SALLY. Thank you—Dan. (*aside*) Won't I just blossom like the rose! (*Exit, L. I E.*)

DAN. If Sally doesn't make a mess of it I shall see Deacon Smith, and go him one better. (*Exit R. I E.*)

(*Enter MISS CAMSON and DEACON SMITH, C. D.*)

MISS CAMSON. Walk right in, sir.

DEACON. Certainly, that's what I always do.

MISS CAMSON. Do what?

DEACON. Walk. When I enter a room I always walk. I neither fly, nor swim, nor skate.

MISS CAMSON. You don't tell me! May I ask your name?

DEACON. You may.

MISS CAMSON (*after brief pause*) Well then, what is it?

DEACON. Smith, Madam—S-m-i-t-h. First name John—a deacon in the church, and I say what I think.

MISS CAMSON. Do you ever say much?

DEACON. Eh? Where's Gillespie?

MISS CAMSON. Mr. Gillespie is probably attending to his own affairs. (L.) If you should whistle he might come.

(*Exit, L. I E.*)

DEACON. A very snappy woman; must be his wife. Poor devil! To be tied fast to such a woman! It gives me the shivers! Well, I'll wait till he comes, see his family, turn over the property, and get back home. (*Takes paper from pocket, sits at table.*) Poor fellow, poor fellow! (*Reads paper.*)

(*Enter JOBSON, in woman's dress, C. D.*)

JOBSON. I wonder if I'm harnessed up all right? I feel as crazy as a pertater-bug in a can o' kerosene ile. Where the dickens is the pocket of this here contraption anyhow? It beats the pigs in clover puzzle all holler. (*Down c.*)

DEACON. (*looks up*) Ahem!

JOBSON. Great Scott! (*Bolts for door.*)

DEACON. Madam!

JOBSON. (*pauses*) I'm in for it.

DEACON. What seems to be the matter?

JOBSON. Nuthin'. (*Aside.*) I wish I was out o' this.

DEACON. Madam, who are you, and what do you want?

JOBSON. I'm his wife.

DEACON. Whose wife?

JOBSON. The boss.

DEACON. Eh?

JOBSON. I mean Mr. Gillespie.

DEACON. What?

JOBSON. You needn't howl like that, I've told you what.

DEACON. Are you Mrs. Gillespie?

JOBSON. Sure as eggs is eggs.

DEACON. Are you the "sweet little woman" Daniel wrote me he'd married?

JOBSON. That was two year ago, an' I've growed sense then.

DEACON. I should think so. He told me about your low, sweet voice—

JOBSON. That's growed too.

DEACON. Indeed! Well, I don't doubt it.

JOBSON. 'Sides that, I've got the epizootic.

DEACON. (*Aside*) It must be that Daniel is insane. (*Aloud*) Why did he marry you?

JOBSON. 'Cause I'm sorter handy to have around.

DEACON. Oh, I see. You were his cook, I suppose.

JOBSON. No, sir—gardener—er—yes, I'm a—sort of a cook. (*aside*) I'm gittin' all mixed up.

DEACON. Well—there's no accounting for tastes.

JOBSON. Jest wot I says. Some folks like summer squash, but I don't. No, sir. Gimme the real old Hubbard squash ever' time. An' then there's pertaters. Now as for pertaters, I allus sez—

DEACON. Confound your potatoes!

JOBSON. You let my pertaters alone. What business have you got here anyhow?

DEACON. My business is with your poor unfortunate husband. Where is he?

JOBSON. He ain't es poor es you seem ter think, mister man. He'll have plenty of money when that fool of an old Deacon from New York—

DEACON. Silence, madam! I'll not be insulted to my face by a wretched old dodo like you.

JOBSON. Hey! Call me a dodo? Me? Say, you old go-cart, if you'll come out doors I'll kick you plumb over the fence. (*Threatens him.*)

DEACON. Keep away, you she woman—keep away!

JOBSON. "She woman" be I. Well, I'll be a son of a gun if I don't show you! (*Grabs DEACON.*)

DAN. (*off c.*) All right—all right.

JOBSON. (*Throws DEACON on sofa.*) Now I've done it. (*Exit R. I E.*)

(Enter DAN, *quickly*, C. D.)

DAN. Excuse me. Are you Mr.—

DEACON. (*On sofa*.) Get out, get out.

DAN. "Get out, get out!" That's an odd name.

DEACON. (*Sits up*.) My name, sir? My name is Smith.

DAN. That's odder yet. Are you the Deacon?

DEACON. Yes, sir, though I'm blamed if I feel much like a Deacon just now. Are you Gillespie?

DAN. That's who I am. Now what's the matter with you?

DEACON. That woman, sir; that terrible cyclone of a woman. That's what's the matter with me. (*Crosses to R.*)

DAN. Been having a row with Miss Camson. Ah, ha! (*aloud*) What did she do?

(Enter MISS CAMSON, L.)

DEACON. Do? She mopped the floor with me.

DAN. Miss Camson, is—it—possible, really possible, that you mopped the floor with the Deacon?

MISS CAMSON. Why, I never touched him.

DEACON. Of course, she didn't touch me.

DAN. Who then?

DEACON. Who then? Why, that husky-voiced, double-jointed, holy-terror wife of yours.

MISS CAMSON. Sir! How dare you? I am his wife.

DAN. 'Sh!

DEACON. I know better. Is she your wife?

MISS CAMSON. (*hurriedly*) It's all right, Danny; I'll save you.

DAN. Good heavens, no! (*Down R.*)

MISS CAMSON. Oh, the ingrate! (*Goes up L.*)

(Enter JOBSON, R, I E., *unseen by DAN. Still wears dress.*)

DAN. (*proudly*) My wife, sir, is the sweetest little woman you ever saw.

DEACON. Little! (*points to JOBSON*) Do you call that thing little?

DAN. (*looks around*) Eh! (*to JOBSON*) Get out! That's not my wife! (*Assumed disgusted tone and manner.*)

DEACON. Who the deuce is she, then?

JOBSON. Why, I'm his—

DAN. Shut up! (*Turns to DEACON.*) That! That's my washerwoman! (*To JOBSON*) Skip, you dougenhead! Get out!

DEACON. (*insisting*) She said she was your wife.

DAN. You mustn't mind her. Good woman—good woman—means well, and all that—but she's buzzy—family troubles—buried six husbands—wheels in her head—Buz-z-z-z!

DEACON. Ah, yes! Then where the deuce is your wife!

(Enter SALLY, C. D., loudly dressed.)

DAN. Where? Right here. *(Brings her down C. DEACON crosses to R.)* My own true little wife!

SALLY. You bet! *(They embrace.)*

(All show surprise. JOBSON tumbles into DEACON'S arms.)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*The same. Discover DEACON at table, seated, smoking a cigar. DAN stands c., lighting cigar.*

DEACON. I say, Daniel—you don't mind if I call you Daniel?

DAN. Not at all, Deacon—only leave off the “yell.”

DEACON. Well, Dan, you seem to have a regular harem here—a genuine seraglio. Where in creation did you corral that female prize-fighter?

DAN. You're a trifle mixed, Deacon, and so was I.

DEACON. In what way?

DAN. Well, you see, the woman that shook you up so wasn't a woman.

DEACON. You're right; she was a terror.

DAN. You're wrong. She was a man.

DEACON. Get out!

DAN. Sure. It was Jobson—my gardener.

DEACON. Um! why did he do it?

DAN. It was one of Jobson's jokes.

DEACON. Well! If Jobson jokes with me again in that way, I'll have him up for assault and battery.

(*Enter JOBSON, L. I E.*)

DAN. Wasn't it a joke, Jobson?

JOBSON (*gloomily*) Which one, sir?

DAN. Which one? Why, yours, of course—dressing up as a woman, and playing tag with the Deacon?

JOBSON. No, sir; that wasn't no joke.

DAN. What? (*aside*) Say “yes,” confound you!

JOBSON (*gruffly*) Yes.

DAN. Jobson, look at me. Have you been drinking?

JOBSON. No, sir.

DAN. Then why did you do it?

JOBSON. Why, sir—I—I—(*aside*) Oh, gosh!

DAN. You thought my wife was away visiting friends, and you believed a lady of the house was vitally necessary. Wasn't that it?

JOBSON (*positively*) Yes, sir; that was it (*aside*). Talk about gall!

DAN. Well, I've mentioned the matter to my wife, and we have decided to overlook your fault this time. But, remember, Jobson, it must never occur again.

JOBSON (*groans aside*) Oh!

DAN. The Deacon doesn't like to play tag, especially when he's "it"—do you, Deacon?

DEACON. Not by a—(*Stops suddenly, DAN's hand over his lips.*)

DAN. "Sight?" Exactly.

DEACON. So far, so good. But who was the other antique specimen that claimed to be your wife? Was she a man also?

DAN. Bless you, no; that was Jobson's wife; she was deeply interested, and unknown to him she tried to help me out. Isn't that so, Jobson?

JOBSON. (*draws breath*) Yes, sir. (*Goes up.*)

DEACON. Well, I'm glad the tangle is straightened out.

DAN. So am I, and if Jobson ever again—(*Sees SALLY, who enters L. I E.*) Oh, my darling, here you are! (*About to kiss her.*)

JOBSON (*loudly*) Ow!

DAN. What's the matter, Jobson?

JOBSON. (*hand to jaw*) Toothache er suthin'.

SALLY. Jobson, you're too noisy, you may go. (*Points grandly.*)

JOBSON. Oh, I may, may I? Well, I'd just like to—

DAN. Jobson! When Mrs. Gillespie says "go," it means vanish.

JOBSON. Yes, sir. (*At C. D., aside.*) I'll go out an', an' I'll lick somebody! (*Exit, C. D. DEACON up C.*)

SALLY. (*to DAN*) Is it time for us to have a row?

DAN. No, not yet; we want to make a good impression on the Deacon, you know.

SALLY. Yes, sir; but when you do begin, please don't be too fierce at first or I'll be scared, sir.

DAN. Sally, if you don't stop calling me "sir," we'll have a row right here.

DEACON. (*comes down*) I say, Dan—

DAN. Yes?

DEACON. If you've finished your billing and cooing I'd like to take a look over your place.

DAN. I'm entirely at your service. (*Goes up with DEACON.*) Now, my dear (*to SALLY*), keep Jobson at work.

SALLY. You bet I will.

DAN. And caution his wife to have no more insane attacks.

SALLY. (*surprised and puzzled*) His wife?

DAN. 'Sh! Don't you see? (*Aloud.*) To be sure, as she did this morning when trying to pass herself as my wife!

SALLY. (*still puzzled*) I'm beat if I—

DAN. (*shakes head warningly*) Just caution her to remember that she is Mrs. Jorkins Jobson now, and not Miss Camson. (*To DEACON.*) They've been married but a short time. Married her out of pity, I suppose.

DEACON. He certainly was a fool to marry that old crone. (*Exit, c. d.*)

DAN. Good-by, my dear, we'll be back soon. (*Exit, c. d.*)

SALLY. Good-by. So (*half crying*), Mr. Jorkins Jobson has a wife already! (*Angrily.*) The bigamorous bigamist! Oh—h! Just you wait! If I don't make him think a cyclone has broke loose into this here neighborhood! (*Crosses.*)

(*Enter JOBSON, c. d.*)

JOBSON. (*pause, aside*) There she is, the Mormon! Sally!

SALLY. (*grandly*) Sir! Are you addressing me, sir?

JOBSON. Yes, mum, I be, sir.

SALLY. Then in future you'd better remember your place, or master—I mean Dan—will discharge you instantly to once. (*Crosses.*)

JOBSON. I know my place, an' my place is to find out wot all this here highfalutin' business means, b'gosh!

SALLY. Then go to your wife and find out.

JOBSON. That's wot I'm a-tryin' to do.

SALLY. Then don't stand talking to me.

JOBSON. Who else would I talk to?

SALLY. Your wife, of course.

JOBSON. My wife? (*Aside.*) I wonder if I've got 'em?

SALLY. Well, why don't you go?

JOBSON. Say, haint you my wife?

SALLY. What! Have you got the impudent impudence to stand there and call me your wife to my own face?

JOBSON. Wasn't we married?

SALLY. Yes, after you'd already married old Mother Camson.

JOBSON. (*aside*) Now I know I have got 'em!

SALLY. (*crying*) Just to think that you'd g-g-go and marry a woman old enough to be your grandmother! (*Stamps foot indignantly.*) Ouch!

JOBSON. (*half crying*) And to think you'd go an' be my widder an' get married agin afore I'm dead!

SALLY. I didn't, I'm only pretending.

JOBSON. You be?

SALLY. Sure. But you and Miss Camson—how about that if you please?

JOBSON. Bother old Camson, Master Dan was only jokin'. She ain't my wife.

SALLY. You mean that?

JOBSON. 'Course I do. But you Sally, you—

SALLY. You! you! you! why, you great big simpleton, I'm only passing myself off as his wife until the Deacon goes.

JOBSON. But suppose the Deacon don't go?

SALLY. Supposing the moon's made of green cheese! I've agreed to be called Mrs. Gillespie for three or four hours—they's the indential words—and for doing that I get one thousand dollars.

JOBSON. What!

SALLY. A whole thousand dollars, that's what.

JOBSON. Say, Sally, what you goin' to do with all that money?

SALLY. Oh, I'm going to have oceans an' oceans of ice-cream, an' gum, an' a bike, an' caramels, an' hats and everything! If you're real, real good, I'll get you—what do you want?

JOBSON. A brand-new hoe.

SALLY. You shall have it; but you must promise one thing.

JOBSON. What 'tis?

SALLY. (*shakes finger*) Not to get jealous, no matter what you see me say or do.

JOBSON. I hope I won't see you say nuthin' as wot you hadn't orter—no lolly-go-goggety mashin', you know. I'd bile right over if I did.

SALLY. No, Jobson; if it should be necessary for me to do any "lolly-go-goggety" mashing you can go out and weed onions.

JOBSON. No, I won't.

SALLY. Yes, you will, or you don't get the new hoe. (*Looks off c.*) Here comes Mr. Gillespie; now remember—keep your place before him, and don't get jealous.

(*Enter DAN and DEACON, C. D.*)

DEACON. (*fanning himself with hat*) Whew! This is a scorcher.

DAN. Yes, it is rather warm in the sun. Sally, my dear, we'd like a cold bottle.

SALLY. Certainly, love. Jobson, a cold bottle.

JOBSON. Yes—mum.

SALLY. No, not Mumm. We prefer Piper Heidsieck, don't we, Danny?

JOBSON. (*Draws long breath, shakes head, and exits L. I E.*)

DAN. If that fellow doesn't show some improvement I shall certainly let him go.

SALLY. You mustn't think of that, Dan.

DAN. Indeed I shall.

SALLY. Indeed you sha'n't!

DAN. See here, Mrs. Gillespie—I'll manage my own servants, if you please. (*Aside*) You're doing well. Keep up the row—keep it up.

SALLY. Well, don't you go and bounce Jobson, 'cause if you do I'll tell.

DAN. Hush! You'll upset everything! Excuse me, Deacon, but my wife is so easy-going that she really lets our servants run over her.

DEACON. That's wrong—all wrong. You shouldn't allow it. I had an English butler once. The fellow had no respect for me nor the letter "h." Tried to run the whole house, and came near doing it, until I caught him pocketing some silver. Then I ran him out, and the police ran him in.

SALLY. Do you dare infer that my—that Jobson—would steal spoons? If you do—

DAN. Jobson be hanged! We've had enough of him.

(*Enter MISS CAMSON, C. D.*)

MISS CAMSON. That's just what I say, Mr. Gillespie.

DAN. (*aside to her*) Well, well! What's the matter with you?

MISS CAMSON. Nothing; only that clodhopper leaves to-day, or else I do.

SALLY. "Clodhopper!" Don't you dare—(*DAN looks at her*). It's nothing to me, of course.

DAN. (*aside*) Are you in love with that fellow?

SALLY. And me your wife? Why, dear, how can you dream of such a thing? (*Throws arms around his neck.*)

DAN. (*pets her*) There, there, dearie, don't cry; I won't discharge an old servant. (*MISS CAMSON beside DEACON.*)

(*Enter JOBSON, C. D., with bottle of wine; goes to sideboard.*)

SALLY. You're a perfect darling of a husband, Danny.

JOBSON. (*half aside*) Thunder! (*Uncorks bottle, fills glasses.*)

DEACON. (*to MISS CAMSON*) Take an old man's advice, Mrs. Jobson. Your husband means well. (*Takes glass of wine from JOBSON, who serves him, and goes up C.*)

MISS CAMSON. Sir! (*Crosses to DAN.*) What does he mean?

DAN. Well, the truth is, my gardener is infatuated with you, and the Deacon thinks you are married already.

MISS CAMSON. (*delighted*) Oh! Isn't that delightful!

DAN. It's all right. Keep it dark.

(JORKINS *turns to sideboard.*)

MISS CAMSON. Why, of course! Dear Jorkins! (*Embraces him as he turns.*) Don't be alarmed. Your secret is safe, for I won't say a word. (*Exit C. D.*)

JOBSON. But I will directly!

DAN. Be careful there—don't spill the wine. (*Takes glass and gives one to SALLY.*) Excuse me, Deacon. Give us a toast.

DEACON. Here's health and prosperity to all of us—especially the boy!

ALL. The boy?

DEACON. The boy. (*Drinks.*)

DAN. What boy?

DEACON. (*looks at him*) There's an unnatural father. Your boy, of course.

DAN. Why, yes! (*Business of DAN and SALLY.*) (*To SALLY*) Our boy, of course.

DEACON. When I see the boy, the inventory will be complete, and I shall then turn the property over to you. So trot out the youngster.

DAN. Certainly. Sally, dear, trot out the boy.

SALLY. What—me?

JOBSON. I guess not. (*Drinks calmly.*)

DAN. (*to SALLY*) Remember the thousand dollars.

DEACON. I'm anxious, really anxious to see the dear little fellow. So hurry up and produce him. (*Down, L.*)

DAN. (*to SALLY*) Speak up, now.

JOBSON. (*aside*) Now, he's stuck! (*Drinks.*)

DEACON. Well! well!

SALLY. You want to see the kid? So you shall.

JOBSON. (*chokes*) Ug! Ug!

(DAN *slaps his back.* He exits C.)

SALLY. (*down R. with DAN*) What'll I do for a baby?

DAN. Beg or borrow one somewhere.

SALLY. I just can't, and that's flat. I'm no walking orphan asylum. So there!

(*Exit R. I E.*)

DAN. Here's a kettle of fish!

DEACON. Has she gone after him? Never mind about dressing him up, you know. Bring him just as he is.

DAN. Well, you see, Deacon, the—my—that is, the young gentleman is out.

DEACON. Out?

DAN. Yes, out. He's playing foot-ball.

DEACON. He's what?

DAN. I mean he's gone skating—that is, he's picking cherries.

DEACON. Picking cherries? Bless my soul!

DAN. Or perhaps he's at the base-ball match, or somewhere. Anyhow, my wife will find him. Shall we settle up this business while she's gone?

DEACON. One year old, and picking cherries!

DAN. Out of a basket, you know; he's very fond of fruit. By-the-way, I don't want to hurry you off, you know, (*looks at watch*) but the next train leaves in half an hour.

DEACON. And skating in midsummer, too!

DAN. Did I say skating? Did I, really? Why, I mean yachting. He's a born sailor. Just wait till you see him. (*Aside.*) Oh, what a mess I'm making of it! (*Exit R. I E.*)

DEACON. Yes, I'll wait. (*Introduces song, and exit L. I E.*)

(*Enter DAN and SALLY, R. I E.*)

DAN. No use of talking, Sally; it must be done.

SALLY. Maybe it must be done, but how can it be done when it can't be did? It wasn't no part of my contract to go hunting up of a family.

DAN. Do you want more money?

SALLY. Now, Mr.—Dan—you know 'tain't money! Drat the money! It's what folks will say.

DAN. Never mind that. (*May introduce double song. Both exit R. I E.*)

(*Enter MISS CAMSON, C. D.*)

MISS CAMSON. I really must find out more about Jorkins, the dear man. Not that I would mention it for the world; but to think that all this time he has been so captivated with my charms that he has really been telling people we were already married! Isn't it sweet! "Mrs. Jorkins Jobson!" What a lovely name! I'll have some visiting cards printed right away, so I will. (*Giggles.*) I suppose I must settle down now, and not be so girlish. "Mrs. Jobson!" Oo—o! (*Sails grandly up L.*)

(*Enter DAN, R. I E. Sits dejectedly.*)

DAN. It's a very bad practice to overdo things. If I hadn't become the father of an imaginary family I wouldn't be in such a scrape. Sally declares she can't find a baby at such short notice, so the jig's up.

MISS CAMSON. (*comes down*) Why, Mr. Gillespie, what's the matter?

DAN. The matter, Miss Camson—

MISS CAMSON. Jobson, please.

DAN. Oh, yes, I forgot. The fact is I need a baby, and I need it in a hurry. Now, have you got a—

MISS CAMSON. Daniel Gillespie, what do you mean?

DAN. I mean have you a friend or acquaintance from whom you can borrow one for an hour?

MISS CAMSON. I should say not. What would people think if I should go about the neighborhood borrowing babies?

DAN. I only want one.

MISS CAMSON. What on earth do you want with it?

DAN. I wrote the Deacon I was the father of a family, and he insists on seeing the family.

MISS CAMSON. Well, Mr. Gillespie, it seems to me that you have got yourself into a scrape.

DAN. Yes—an awful scrape.

MISS CAMSON. And as you have only yourself to thank for it, you must get out of it the best way you can. I would gladly help you if I could, but my standing in this community as Mrs. Jorkins Jobson, forbids me going out on an insane search for babies. (*Exit L. I E.*)

DAN. Foiled! Foiled by my myrmidons! My grand, glittering palace will be dashed to the ground, all for the want of a kid. (*Cross L.*) Something must be done—but what, where, how, why, when?

(*Enter JOBSON, R. I E.*)

JOBSON. Mr. Dan, I want to ax one question, an' that is, what's all this here about that there baby?

DAN. Do you know where there's any lying around loose?

JOBSON. I mean the one what—

DAN. I don't care what one—any one.

JOBSON. Yes, sir; you know Sally said—

DAN. Never mind what Sally said. Think, study, pound your head, rattle your brains, stir your stumps, and find me a baby in fifteen minutes or I'm a ruined man.

JOBSON. But, Mr. Dan—

DAN. Do you want to see me a beggar?

JOBSON. 'Course not. But what kind of a—

DAN. I don't care what kind; old, young, big, little, fat, lean, short, tall, blue-eyed, black-eyed, cross-eyed, wall-eyed (*pushes him R.*), lame, halt, or blind—any old thing will do.

JOBSON. But you hain't told me—

DAN. Yes I have. Now get a move for once, (*JOBSON exits R. I E.*) Ten to one he'll fail. If he does—well—there's no use trusting to others; I'll do it myself. A child must be found, and I'll find a child, even if I have to kidnap one. (*Exit R. I E.*)

(*Enter DEACON, C. D.*)

DEACON. Hello! (*Looks around.*) Nobody visible. Well, I suppose they're all gone to find the little fellow. Well, Daniel is a little gay for a benedict, but then, bless his heart, I was young once myself. (*Sits at table.*) It's a tidy little wife and a tidy little home that he has, and a snug little fortune he'll have. (*Looks over memorandum book.*)

(*Enter SALLY with property baby C. D. Wears hat.*)

SALLY. I've found one, but oh, ricketty Ann, it was a job! Folks seem to think I'd hoodoo their kids.

DEACON. (*looks up*) Ah! so you've got the little fellow, eh, my dear? Found him all right, did you?

SALLY. Yes, sir; here she is.

DEACON. "She"! Did you say "she"?

SALLY. Yep. Don't she look just like her mother?

DEACON. But your husband said it was a boy.

SALLY. You must of miscomprehended him, sir, 'cause I'm distinctionly certain about it. Hush-a-bye, dearie, don't cry.

DEACON. (*aside*) Now I'll swear he said a boy. (*Aloud.*) Isn't it rather small for its size?

SALLY. Oh, no, sir. It's quite old for its age.

DEACON. And what's that?

SALLY. Why, it's—yes, sir—about that.

DEACON. I should say it wasn't more than six months or less.

SALLY. That's it, sir—six months, or less.

DEACON. And plays foot-ball?

SALLY. Yes, sir; she's a great kicker. You ought to see her when she's—

DEACON. And goes to base-ball matches?

SALLY. Oh, yes—she's one of them new women, you know. (*Aside.*) I'm getting to be an awful liar.

DEACON. (*shakes finger*) And climbs cherry trees?

SALLY. No, sir. (*Head up.*) This ain't the one that does that, it's the tother!

DEACON. So there's a "tother," eh? I see, I see. That accounts for it. Ah (*to baby*), you little rogue! I hadn't heard of you before, and I'd begun to have my doubts, but I understand it now. (*Keeps up by-play with SALLY, and baby, R. C.*)

(*Enter DAN, C. D. Carries boy of three or four years under his arm.*)

DAN. (*triumphantly*) Here you are, Deacon, here you are. Look at my young olive branch. Gaze on him. Isn't he a corker?

DEACON. A fine boy that; yes, sir, a fine boy.

DAN. I thought you'd say so.

DEACON. So I do. But why didn't you tell me about the other?

DAN. (*carelessly*) The other what?

SALLY. Whew! (*Signals but neither man sees her.*)

DEACON. The girl, of course.

DAN. The girl? (*Sees SALLY*) Oh, you see, they were both of the same age—twins, you know, and all that—so I never thought of it.

DEACON. It strikes me there's a tremendous difference between them for twins.

DAN. Oh, dear no. This one (*indicates boy*) is the oldest and grew the fastest. That's all. See here. (*All are L.*) Observe the family resemblance. There's Sally's eyes, (*points to children, all are together*) here's my nose, her ears, my chin—

DEACON. No, Dan, you've lost none of your "chin."

DAN. Think so? (*To baby*) Come to your popper. (*Takes baby*) Now we're happy. (*All keep up by-play.*)

(*Enter MISS CAMSON, R. I. E., with property baby done up in numerous wraps, which she quickly removes while speaking.*)

MISS CAMSON. I suppose I'll be dreadfully talked about, but I couldn't see him ruined. (*Crosses to DAN, who is C., with baby in left arm.*) Here's your baby, Mr. Gillespie, and don't say I haven't been a good friend. (*Puts baby in DAN's right arm and returns R.*)

DAN. (*Glares at her.*)

DEACON. How's this, Daniel! Still another twin?

DAN. This? (*Breathes hard, glares from baby to MISS CAMSON.*)

DEACON. Daniel! (*Slowly*) It seems to be raining babies around here.

SALLY. But that isn't his. (*Takes last baby.*)

DEACON. Whose, then?

SALLY. It's—it's—(*to DAN*)—help me out. Who'll I say?

DAN. (*loudly, nodding towards MISS CAMSON*) Her's, that's who! (*Changes baby into right arm.*)

MISS CAMSON. Oh! You wretched villain!

JOBSON. (*off C. D.*) Hooray! I've got him!

(*Enter JOBSON, C. D., with property negro baby, its face covered with wraps.*)

JOBSON. Hooray! (*Crosses to DAN.*) Here's yer baby, sir. (*Aside; puts property baby into DAN's left arm*) I swiped him off a peramblylater. (*Uncovers its face, showing a negro baby.*)

ALL. A negro baby!

DAN. Oh, go drown yourself! (*Takes stage, front to rear, with baby under each arm. Babies all cry. Boy dives between DEACON's legs. SALLY threatens JOBSON. MISS CAMSON holds hands to ears. Music. "Brand New Coon in Town."*)

QUICK CURTAIN

SECOND CURTAIN.—*Dan seated, woe-begone look, at C. All the babies on his lap; all crying. Boy howls and clings to him. JOBSON and SALLY L.; he appealing, she angry. MISS CAMSON and DEACON R.*

ACT III

SCENE.—*Parlor in fourth grooves. Moonlight, landscape backing. Moonlight through windows. See Scene Plot. Time, evening. Distant chorus at rise. Discover JOBSON seated despondently on tête. Negro baby, wrapped up, lying beside him.*

JOBSON. Well, I'm jest plumb dumb petered out! Ef this hain't been the all-firedest, awfulest day I've ever knowed. What with atween gittin' married, seein' my wife passin' as somebody else's wife, havin' that old chromo chasin' of me, bein' a woman myself pro temperous, an' stealin' babies! Eh? (*Looks at baby.*) Lay still, you lump o' black charcoal! We got all the other kids returned to their proper owners in safety—all but this here imp o' darkness! An' this, o' course, has to be the one I stole out of its carriage unbeknowin' what it was! When I went to take it back the carriage was up and gone. So here I am, a dry nuss for an animated chunk o' black beeswax. Hush! Sleep, you viper! Don't you dare wake up.

DAN. (*entering D. F.*) Hello, Jobson! How's the infant?

JOBSON. It's been a-howlin' bloody blue murder, till I thought it would bust its biler.

DAN. Too bad, too bad. I'm afraid you are not treating it in a fatherly manner. (*Sits.*)

JOBSON. Look a-here, Mr. Dan, I've stood more to-day than most men could without kerfloppin', an' I ain't kicked at it nuther; but to put the apperlication of father agin me to that air son o' Ham is too much.

DAN. Take it cool, Jobson—don't get excited. Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you know it looks very suspicious. Here's an infant that appears suddenly from nowhere in your arms. The other children are easily returned to their doting mammas, but this little brunette remains with you, and you can give no good account of it. I say it looks suspicious. So does my wife. So does everybody!

JOBSON. Ever'body be hanged! What do I want with the coon?

DAN. I'm sure I don't know—unless you want to start an "Uncle Tom" company.

JOBSON. Say, now, honest Injun, what be I goin' to do with it?

DAN. Take it home to its mother.

JOBSON. But, ding blast it! I don't know who its mother is.

DAN. Then you better advertise.

JOBSON. Yes, sir! (*Goes R.*) I'll advertise fer a private cell in a lunatical asaylum!

DAN. (*follows with baby*) Hold on, hold—on. Don't forget the baby! (*Puts it in his arms.*)

JOBSON. Gosh! (*Exit, R. I E.*)

(*Enter DEACON, L. I E.*)

DEACON. Little ones all abed, Dan?

DAN. Long ago. Early to bed and early to rise is my motto, for children.

DEACON. A very good motto, indeed. But, I say, Dan, how many of these assorted youngsters are yours?

DAN. I'll confess to two of them.

DEACON. But the old party—Mrs. Jobson!

DAN. That was her youngest. She is very proud of it, you see, and wanted to show it off. (*They sit.*)

DEACON. Yes—but didn't she say it was yours?

DAN. That's because it's—that is, I am—I'm a sort of godfather to it.

DEACON. I see—I see. How about the darky baby?

DAN. (*shakes head sadly*) Another of Jobson's jokes.

DEACON. Humph! You better hire that fellow out to a comic almanac!

DAN. He's a good fellow, Deacon, if he'd only stick to the truth.

DEACON. If he doesn't stop prevaricating I'd discharge him. I can't endure a chronic liar.

DAN. Neither can I. An untruthful liar is something I detest.

DEACON. That sentiment does you credit, Daniel. (*Shakes DAN's hand.*) That's the way I've brought up my family.

DAN. Then you have a family also?

DEACON. A stepdaughter only. Sweetest girl you ever saw. Here's her picture (*gives photograph*).

DAN. (*aside*) Good heavens! The girl I'm in love with! (*Puts photograph on table.*)

DEACON. If you weren't married, Dan, who knows—you might be my son-in-law some day.

DAN. Um—yes—that is to say, if I were single I could have your daughter, eh?

DEACON. Yes, sir—if she agreed to it.

DAN. (*unthinking*) By Jove, then, it's a go!

DEACON (*quickly*) What! What!—*What!*

DAN. I said I had to go—if you'll excuse me! I'll be right back. (*Goes R. Aside*) My sweetheart's father! That settles me! (*Exit R. I E.*)

DEACON. Daniel seems agitated—though I don't wonder at it. Three wives and half a dozen children in one day would upset anybody. (*Yawns.*) I'm too tired to go back to town (*lies on sofa*), so I think I'll stay here to-night.

(*Enter JOBSON and MISS CAMSON, L. I E.*)

JOBSON. There's no use argyfyin' with me no longer. I ain't your husband, an' you know it; never was, ner never want to be.

MISS CAMSON. (*cries*) Oh, Jorkins!

JOBSON. 'Cause why? Well, atween you an' me—on the dead quiet—you won't tell?

MISS CAMSON. Not a word.

JOBSON. Well, then, I'm married already.

MISS CAMSON. Well, I never! Oh, Jorkins! (*Cries.*)

DEACON. (*aside*) So, so. This gets interesting.

JOBSON. I know it's tough, but don't cry. There's good fish still in the sea. Why don't you try Deacon Smith?

DEACON. (*aside*) Not on your life!

JOBSON. What did you say?

MISS CAMSON. I didn't say anything. I was only wondering what the dear Deacon would think or say if he knew of this deception.

DEACON. (*rises*) You were, eh? (*Comes C.*)

(MISS CAMSON and JOBSON yell and run down R. and L.
She exits R. I E.)

DEACON. I'll tell you what I think I'll say, and that is that you're a couple of impostors whom I shall report to Daniel at once.

JOBSON. I guess you hadn't better do that.

DEACON. What do you mean, sir?

JOBSON. I mean if there's any reportin' to be did I'll kinder take a whack at it myself.

(*Enter SALLY quickly, L. I E.*)

SALLY. Jorkins, Jorkins, where is that dreadful baby?

JOBSON. Which one of 'em?

SALLY. The darky.

JOBSON. I put it a-bed in the coal hod.

SALLY. Well, get it—run—hide—do something!

JOBSON. For which?

SALLY. There's a perfectly awful negro woman coming here with a razor a yard long, and she'll carve you up for stealing her baby.

JOBSON. Tell her it's agin the law to go carvin' folks!

SALLY. Oh, nonsense! Hide, I tell you.

LOUISIANA. (*off D. F.*) Whar dat man? Luff me fin' him, I tole you!

SALLY. Here she comes!

(*Enter LOUISIANA, D. F., with huge razor.*)

(*JOBSON howls and runs off R. I E.*)

LOUISIANA. (*to DEACON*) Am yo' de 'prietor of dis yah house?

DEACON. No, I'm not.

LOUISIANA. You'm not?

DEACON. No, I tell you.

LOUISIANA. (*to SALLY*) Am yo' de 'priertress?

SALLY. What do you want?

LOUISIANA. What I wants? I'se lookin' fo' de man what stolded mah babby. Dey done tole me 'he's har! Oh-h! Jess luff me fin' him!

DEACON. Give me that weapon.

LOUISIANA. Dat which?

DEACON. That overgrown razor. Give it to me, or I'll lock you up for murderous assault.

LOUISIANA. Yas, sah! (*Gives razor.*) But I wants mah babby!

DEACON. Now, then, who are you?

LOUISIANA. Louisian' Johnsing, sah, an' mah babby am Christfo' C'lumbus Eb'nezer Jackson Johnsing.

SALLY. Where did you lose him?

LOUISIANA. Didn't done lose him nowhar! Had him out in er kerridge wiv er top on so's he wouldn't get tanned, an' dey stolded him.

SALLY. What for?

LOUISIANA. Fo' er "missin' link," a man say, an' (*cries*) boo! hoo! hoo! I'll nebber see him agin!

DEACON. Don't howl like that!

SALLY. Where do you live?

LOUISIANA. Half er mile down de road, an' twice aroun' de corner.

SALLY. Well, if we see anything of your baby—

DEACON. Or, if he comes strolling in here—

SALLY. We'll send him right home.

LOUISIANA. T'ank yo' bofe. He's a booful babby, an' I

sots a heap store by him. (*Goes up.*) An' ef I fin' out de man whut—(*pauses, baby cries*) ef I fin'—say—dat's mah Christfo' C'lumbus! I knows his bugle call. Oh—h! Gib me room! I'se a comin'! (*Rushes off R. I E. Crash. Yells. JOBSON runs on R. I E. with baby, which cries throughout, followed by LOUISIANA.*)

(*Enter DAN, D. F.*)

(*JOBSON runs across and exits L. I E., followed by LOUISIANA.*)

DAN. After the bawl! Another of Jobson's jokes.

SALLY. Oh, she'll kill him! Won't somebody stop her?

(*JOBSON runs on D. F., down L. Meets MISS CAMSON, who enters L. I E. Tosses baby into her arms and runs off L. I E. MISS CAMSON starts up C. Meets LOUISIANA, who enters D. F.*)

LOUISIANA. Give me mah babby!

(*MISS CAMSON screams, forces baby into DEACON'S arms and runs off R. I E.*)

LOUISIANA. Now I'se got 'um. (*Grabs DEACON around the neck, whirls him around three times, gets baby and exits triumphantly, D. F.*)

(*DEACON during above has been yelling "Take her away;" tumbles on sofa as she releases him.*)

(*Music during above, "Brand New Coon in Town," double time.*)

DAN. (*music ceases*) And the colored troops fought nobly!

DEACON. I wonder if the lightning hit anybody else?

SALLY. Are you hurt, Deacon?

(*Enter JOBSON, L. I E.*)

DEACON. Hurt? I'm half strangled.

DAN. (*to JOBSON*) Now you see the result of your nonsense. The Deacon is half strangled, my wife is worried, Miss Camson frightened into fits, and you nearly murdered, just because you go kidnapping young coons. I hope this will be a warning—a lesson to you, Jobson, and that in future you will conduct yourself with more dignity.

JOBSON. Well, I'll be blessed.

DEACON. That's good advice, Dan; but you should drive it into his head with a club.

DAN. I guess it won't happen again.

JOBSON (*aside*) I'm dinged sure it won't.

DEACON. I'm such a wreck, Dan, that I can't return to-night. So if you can give me a room I'll stay until morning.

JOBSON. What!

(SALLY *shakes fist at him.*)

DAN. With pleasure. (*Up stage.*) Sally, my dear, is there a room in readiness for the Deacon?

SALLY. Sure.

DAN. All right, Deacon; we'll try to make it pleasant for you. (*Exit D. F.*)

JOBSON. Now look a-here. This thing's gone fer enough. The worm'll turn when it's cornered, and I've ben stamped on all day.

DEACON. Well, what's the trouble now?

JOBSON. The trouble is that I'm a married man.

DEACON. You are—and I pity you.

SALLY. You do? Well, I like that!

DEACON. Don't you?

JOBSON. No, she don't, seein' as how—

SALLY. Jobson!

JOBSON. You can't "Jobson" me! Be you goin' to stay here to-night?

DEACON. It's none of your business.

JOBSON. P'raps not. I ain't argifyin' that point; but be you?

DEACON. Of course I am.

JOBSON. (*to SALLY*) He is?

SALLY. Of course he is.

DEACON. Now, what of it?

JOBSON. Then the jig's up. Sally's my wife.

DEACON. (*shakes head*) You grow worse every hour. Your mania for lying passes belief.

JOBSON. I know it; I ain't done nuthin' but lie all day. But I'm tellin' the truth now; if you don't believe it, ask her.

DEACON. I don't understand this. (*To SALLY.*) Will you explain?

JOBSON. Now Sally—tell the truth.

SALLY. You're a nice one. I won't tell! I won't! I won't! I won't! (*Stamps.*)

DEACON. But I insist.

JOBSON. An' I insisively insist.

SALLY. (*crying*) Oh dear, oh dear! What am I going to say?

DEACON. (*pulling her around*) Are you this man's wife?

JOBSON. (*pulling her back*) Speak up, now.

SALLY. (*after an effort*) Y-yes, sir; I—I was only pretending to be Mr. Dan's wife.

DEACON. Indeed! So he isn't married at all?

SALLY. Oh, please don't blame him, sir. He only—

DEACON. That will do. All I want to know is why—you—did—it.

SALLY. Because you see, sir, he had to have a wife or he couldn't get the property.

DEACON. And so he borrowed you!

SALLY. But he didn't know I was married.

DEACON. And those assorted infants—were they yours, too?

SALLY. Sir! (*Tosses head and crosses.*)

DEACON. Eh? No, I suppose not. At all events Mr. Daniel Gillespie is a thoroughbred rascal.

SALLY. No, he isn't.

JOBSON. You mustn't call him names, mister, or there'll be trouble right here to once.

DEACON. Keep cool, my man—keep cool, or you'll find yourself in hot water.

JOBSON. I don't care ef it's bilin' hot.

SALLY. Me neither.

DEACON. You're an odd couple. Why didn't that young rascal get married in reality?

SALLY. He wanted to, but he can't.

DEACON. Why not. Eh? Why not?

SALLY. 'Cause the girl's old fool of a father won't let her marry till she's nineteen.

DEACON. 'Um—who is the girl?

SALLY. I dunno. (*Sees photo on table.*) There's her picture.

DEACON. Hum! Are you sure of that?

SALLY. Well rather. Ain't I seen him a-kissin' one just like it? Well, I guess!

DEACON. I see. Well, go in yonder (*points L.*) and stay until you're called.

JOBSON. Hold on, b'gosh! That's his room.

DEACON. So much the better.

SALLY. (*goes L.*) You won't make him any trouble?

DEACON. I'll have a talk with him. Get along with you.

SALLY. All right, sir. But if you do raise a row I'll deny everything I've told you. (*Exit L. I E.*)

JOBSON. An' then there'll be bloodshed shod all over this house.

DEACON. You hold your tongue.

(*Enter DAN, D. F.*)

DAN. Now, Deacon, any time you wish to retire your room is ready.

DEACON. Very well, Dan. Which room is it?

DAN. Second floor front.

DEACON. I say, Dan, I didn't bring any—

DAN. That's all right. I laid out one of mine.

DEACON. Thanks. Now, I'm something of a night-hawk, so if you don't object, I'll sit up and read for a while.

DAN. Suit yourself. This is Liberty Hall, you know, where my friends do as they please. But it's rather late, so I guess I'll turn in. (*Goes L.*) Good-night, Deacon.

DEACON. Good-night.

DAN. (*at L. I E.*) Good-night, Jobson.

JOBSON. (*aside*) Limpin' alligators!

DAN. (*turns*) What is that?

JOBSON. Nuthin'.

DAN. Good-night, then. (*Exit L. I E.*)

(*JOBSON takes step L. Is checked by signal from DEACON.*)

DAN. (*off L.*) Come now, Sally—get out of here. Step lively.

JOBSON. (*draws long breath*) He's saved me from a lickin'.

(*Enter DAN, leading SALLY by the ear.*)

DAN. Now, young lady, you toddle.

SALLY. Ouch!

DEACON. Here, here, here, here! Why, Dan, I'm astonished. What do you mean by treating your wife like that?

DAN. Oh, the deuce!

DEACON. The idea of driving your wife out of her own room!

DAN. I—you—see—I wanted her to look after the children.

DEACON. Which—the baby, or his four-year-old twin brother?

DAN. Both of them, and Jobson's also.

SALLY. Jobson's? (*Cross.*)

JOBSON. Mine?

DAN. Yes, yours; you don't deny your own child, I hope.

JOBSON. Me? Me? Now, Mr. Dan, you knows I hain't got none to deny.

(*Enter MISS CAMSON, R. I E.*)

DAN. (*shakes head sorrowfully*) You're a hopeless case.

Why, Mrs. Jobson, do you know your husband actually denies your own child!

MISS CAMSON. Mine? Oh, ah! Support me! (*Throws her arms around DEACON'S neck.*)

DEACON. Jerusalem! (*Helps her to sofa.*)

DAN. (*to JOBSON*) Now see what you've done!

DEACON. (*arm around MISS CAMSON; fans her*) Help me, somebody. She hasn't any breath.

DAN. Lend her some of yours.

MISS CAMSON. Where am I?

DAN. In Paradise.

DEACON. Daniel! (*Starts to rise.*)

MISS CAMSON. (*pulls him back*) Don't leave me.

DEACON. Of course not. Daniel, I want to say—(*Starts to rise.*)

MISS CAMSON (*pulls him down*) Don't leave me!

DAN. (*to SALLY*) He's anchored.

(*SALLY shakes finger at DAN; JOBSON pulls her around.*)

DEACON. Daniel! (*Slips head from arms and rises.*) It's time to throw off the mask. Where—is—your—wife?

DAN. Where? Right here in my arms. (*Turns, but finds JOBSON in SALLY'S place.*) Confound you, I'll—

DEACON. Stop! He's doing just right. After all the trust I've had in you, Daniel; after giving you your aunt's property with a liberal hand; after forgiving you for your numerous wives and children—to discover that you have none at all! Oh, this is too much! (*Blows nose violently.*)

MISS CAMSON. My dear, dear Deacon, don't feel bad.

DAN. (*to JOBSON*) Has he found out?

JOBSON. That's what he has. He's on to the whole racket.

DAN. The deuce he is!

DEACON. That's what I am. And by the great John Rogers—

MISS CAMSON. Now, Deacon, don't swear. (*They converse.*)

DAN. (*to JOBSON*) Some of your blundering, I suppose.

SALLY. Please forgive him. He couldn't help it. And I'm just as much to blame.

DAN. You're a pretty pair—to ruin me like this.

SALLY. I—I—I'm so sorry; but Jobson got jealous.

DAN. Hang it all! What business was it of his?

SALLY. Nothing—only because—

DAN. Well—what?

SALLY. Because I—oh, Mr. Dan, please forgive me—but I'm his wife.

DAN. You two?

SALLY. We one.

JOBSON. That's what we be. An' bein' a brand new Benedicter, I couldn't stand such goin's on. I didn't mind bein' a woman pro tempore, ner stealin' babies; but to see my new wife a-passin' as youn, and likely as not to continue the same, was too many for me, an' I jest biled right up an' slopped over.

DAN. No doubt of it. Anyhow, you've ruined me, and I hope you're satisfied. Now clear out. (*Sits in chair by table.*)

SALLY. They say a woman can't keep a secret. Why I'd died afore I'd tell.

JOBSON. I know it. Your thousand dollars an' my new hoe all gone to smash.

SALLY. Stupid!

DEACON. Tut, tut! Stop your scrapping!

JOBSON. Let her scrap. I deserve it.

DEACON. Perhaps you do. But this charming young lady—(*indicates MISS CAMSON.*)

MISS CAMSON. Oh, Deacon!

DEACON.—has been telling me about Dan's unselfish efforts to keep a home for you here. It has changed my opinion very much about him. (*Turns to DAN.*) Now, Dan, if you will turn over a—

DAN. (*wheels around in chair.*) What's the use?

DEACON. If you'll turn over a new leaf and get a wife at once, I'll forgive you everything.

DAN. (*jumps up and grasps his hand*) Thank you. It's a go.

DEACON. There's one condition—

DAN. A dozen if you like.

DEACON. You must agree to attend my step-daughter's wedding next month.

DAN. (*limply*) Oh!

DEACON. What is it?

DAN. Who's the groom?

DEACON. Right here! (*Slaps DAN's shoulder and goes L.*)

DAN. (*joyfully*) I'll be there! Sally, you've won the prize. (*Grand chorus—any popular air.*)

CURTAIN

L.

C.

R.

DEACON, MISS CAMSON,

DAN,

SALLY, JOBSON.

Practical Elocution



By J. W. SHOEMAKER, A. M.

300 pages

Cloth, Leather Back, \$1.25

This work is the outgrowth of actual class-room experience, and is a practical, common-sense treatment of the whole subject. It is clear and concise, yet comprehensive, and is absolutely free from the entangling technicalities that are so frequently found in books of this class.

Conversation, which is the basis of all true Elocution, is regarded as embracing all the germs of speech and action. Prominent attention is therefore given to the cultivation of this the most common form of human expression.

General principles and practical processes are presented for the cultivation of strength, purity, and flexibility of Voice, for the improvement of distinctness and correctness in articulation, and for the development of Soul Power in delivery.

The work includes a systematic treatment of Gesture in its several departments of position, facial expression, and bodily movement, a brief system of Gymnastics bearing upon vocal development and grace of movement, and also a chapter on Methods of Instruction, for teachers.

Sold by all booksellers, or sent, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

The Penn Publishing Company

923 Arch Street, Philadelphia

JUN 27 18
SHOEMAKER



The National School of Elocution and Oratory

ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE

Broad and Cherry Streets

Philadelphia

PERSONS wishing to obtain practical training and artistic culture in Elocution and Oratory should attend this institution.

It is the oldest chartered school of expression in America.

Its students and graduates, numbering thousands, are to be found in all parts of this country and Canada, occupying prominent positions as Public Readers, Teachers of Elocution, Clergymen, Lecturers, Actors, etc.

Instruction thorough in all that pertains to a well-rounded elocutionary education.

A corps of eminent teachers, each a specialist in his own department. All facilities first-class.

In addition to the regular Day Classes there are special Evening and Saturday courses.

Special Summer course. Private instruction. Graduating courses one and two years. Illustrated catalogue giving full information sent on application.

Principals { MRS. J. W. SHOEMAKER
GEORGE B. HYNSON, ESQ.